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Vorarlberg is Austria's estate on the Rhine. Between the eastwards-flowing Danube and the westwards-flowing Rhine, between the one which finds its outlet in the Black Sea and the other which flows into the Atlantic Ocean, lies Austria, the bridge and watershed of Europe. In 1363 the House of Austria acquired its first possession in Vorarlberg in the shape of a small estate near Götzis. This was

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the start of a long process which led to the unification of a Province. As military leaders under the Emperors Karl V and Philipp II, the Counts of Hohenems embodied large numbers of serfs from their estates in their armed forces. From then onwards,

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Vorarlbergers have constantly emigrated from the Province, as labourers, stucco-workers and carpenters, selling grindstones or herbs from Montafon, or in the employment of Bregenzerwald builders of the Baroque. It was not until industrialisation set in that this industrious race had the chance of finding work and a home in its native country.

It is characteristic of the Vorarlberger to dislike and avoid ostentation and exaggeration. In accordance with this reserve, he is sparing of gesture and words. These characteristics help to a clear-cut political sense and a natural feeling for democracy.

The people of Vorarlberg prefer their four small or medium-sized towns to one large one. They do not mind having to go sometimes to Bregenz and Feldkirch, sometimes to Dornbirn and Bludenz, for these towns after all lie close together. The Province is thus spared many a problem which may arise out of having a single large town in an alpine area.

The "Ländle" ("Little Province") has its characteristic industrial character.

down from the lofty Warte, is one of the oldest recorded settlements of Vorarlberg; even Karl der Dicke (Charles the Fat) is said to have toiled up there on a visit to the pious hermit Eusebius. Röthis, however, the heart of the Vorarlberg vineyards, lures one with many a sparkling drop, golden-yellow and ruby-red, down into the valley.

The chief town of the Vorarlberg Garden is Rankweil, which played a prominent and decisive role in the history of the Province throughout the whole of the Middle Ages and on into modern times. At one time the whole population used to congregate for the trial of criminals there. Today, as one of the greatest pilgrimage centres of this Catholic province, it has again become a meeting place for crowds in holiday mood. Its symbolic building is the double-towered Liebfrauenkirche, built on the remains of a former fortress, which confronts the stately Felsenwarte.

THE STUDIERSTÄDTLEIN (the "Students' Township"). Feldkirch has not always been called the "Studierstädtlein". Like Bregenz, it has had one of the most colourful histories of any place in Vorarlberg. In earlier centuries it was with equal justice called the "Officers' Township", but today both terms are inapplicable. It is noteworthy that in each case its municipal character was emphasized. Even today this is the most noticeable thing about it. Of all towns in Vorarlberg it has best preserved the character of the mediaeval burgher settlement. Like Bregenz, Feldkirch formed part of the Montfort property. Through repeated partitions of the estate among members of the family, which weakened all its powers of resistance, Feldkirch came at an early date into the possession of the Hapsburgs, thereby gaining in comparison with other areas which had remained under the rule

men, all of them, as the inscriptions on the crosses of iron or wood testify, yet as in life grouped according to rank and precedence.

For the living it is a comfort to have the dead among them; for the dead, to continue to play a part in life. The sound of church bells calling to early mass starts the day; only the goatherd's horn has summoned the herds even earlier. At eleven in the morning the bell calls to dinner, and with the vesper bell the day is ended. The tolling of the bell marks out each working week, and marks out the year according to the festivals of the Church.

Public affairs centre on the church square. There official announcements concerning the parish are posted. Similar information is given out there after the service on Sundays. The cattle drink at the village well, and the men at the village inn. The women take no part in public life.

Wooden Mould.

Every farm, whether it stands apart amidst its own fields, or whether it keeps good neighbourly company with others in the village, has an orchard and a small garden near the house. The garden grows vegetables and spices. Its many-hued flowers, pinks and lilies, asters and phlox, crown-imperial, mignonette, sweet-smelling herbs,

cloak has transported him into another world. The magnificent though distant views across the Danube to the high-lying plateau of the Waldviertel, to the West towards the Dachstein and beyond it to the Glockner, to the South as far as the barrier of the Karawanken are not easily forgotten.

Dachstein, Southern Slopes.

No less impressive is the wilderness of surrounding peaks and snowfields. The Hochschwab, that mighty giant, is approached through defiles and valleys where stand old foundries and deserted smithies. One's eyes are continually drawn to the towering walls of this gigantic range.

That is how the monk had seen it who is mentioned in the legend of the founding of Mariazell. In the middle of the 12th century, Otto VII, Abbot of Lambach, sent one of his monks eastwards to spread the teachings of Christ in the wilds of the mountains. He carried with him on his arduous journey an ikon of the Virgin, carved out of the wood of the lime-tree. But before long he found that he could no longer find his way out of the mountains, range upon range rising before him to bar his path. At last he sank down exhausted before a wall of rock, calling on the Virgin for help and rescue. In answer to his prayers the unscaleable barrier of rock parted asunder, granting him a miraculous passage to the valley behind it. There the holy man stayed and decided to build himself a cell in honour of the Virgin.

Now a town, Mariazell is delightful in summer as in winter because of its position and the surrounding scenery. Its central point is the great pilgrimage church, the largest in Styria. Gothic forms and baroque roof are impressively united. To the rear of the middle part of the nave is the chapel of Our Lady and the revered picture of the Virgin Mary and Child which is the object of worship.

The simple "Marien-Zelle" has developed into a place of pilgrimage, its religious influence reaching far beyond Austria into other lands. Processions of pilgrims seek comfort and strength here. Women and girls who wear a picture of the Virgin Mary of Mariazell on a slender chain about their necks, are supposed to be protected by it from sin and distress, and to retain for life a share in that charm and gaiety which enshrines this little jewel of a town in the mountains and spreads over the whole Styrian countryside.

874 The teachers took good care of you. They let your surroundings speak for themselves. You will never be able to forget the arcaded courtyard of the Schallaburg with its wonderful terra cotta work from the hand of an Italian master. Seitenstetten was rather far off, but you managed to visit it. Quiet and beautiful, yet busy in its own way, it is set in a fertile countryside.

241 Once two of you decided to go off together. Above your heads you bore a flag which was supposed to express the longing of its bearers for the open spaces and all things beautiful. They found their way to Mank, to Amstetten and further afield, discovering that this province possesses as many real farmers as it does great, rounded hills. Like castles on the latter stand the two-storied farms of the landed farmers. Theirs is the world in all its essence—ploughland, meadows, forests. Black-trunked, heavily grown pear trees stand before the farms, in gardens, in hedges. The peasant dialect is soft, easy going, manly and kindly.

000 Later you once stood with a girl up in the mountain-pass village of Annaberg, in the porch of the church. The curious high tower with its covering of metal plates showed clearly against the blue winter sky and in the far distance before you was the snow-topped ridge of the Ötscher. Then you set forth into the boundless glistening world through the dark-green snow-covered forest. There a wonder arose out of the earth, a wonder for you, child of the hills. Through the crystalline crust of the ice broke the faultless bloom of the first christmas rose, born of the silent force of winter. Carefully you picked the blossom, and carefully you gave it to the girl. Pure and white as the rose was this hour, pure as the eternally sparkling snows, young as the potent breath of the woods and as free of dust as the beckoning blue heavens.

133 You have not forgotten the sparkling summer waters of the Erlauf and Lunzer
788 lakes. Surrounded by flowers and forests, tranquil, glitteringly blue, they call to you, offering rest to the weary visitor from the cities, and tempting the peasant pilgrims of Lower Austria away from their pious, easy walk of penance to the Virgin Mary at Zell.

000 STUDENTS IN THE WACHAU DISTRICT. Your St. Pölten teachers wanted you to see many and varied things, and so you found yourselves in the wine-gardens of Göttweig Monastery. Oh unforgettable hour! Blue as the night, golden as the moon, milk-white as the surrounding chestnut blossoms. St. Benedict is fond of building on mountains. Before us were the valley and the low country and there beyond, half hidden by fields, the Danube. Above were many hundreds of lights, gables, roofs, towers and mountains. On the morrow you passed through Krems, singing, because you were students, "A wandering apprentice I, knowing no cares ..."

How it echoed in the narrow streets! The past took you warmly by the hand. If you had found a blue-uniformed sentry standing guard at the Steiner Tor with